

3.  
handel's messiah

one little heart throb, a sunny seventh  
grader, demure in yellow jersey and peek-  
a-boo red gym shorts, had him up all night  
insomniac all through june and hot july  
tossing and turning in sweat soaked sheets  
-- yowling to the moon for her ripe cunt --  
while the radio aired handel's messiah.

a hole in the mattress was about as  
close as he came. the mad birds above  
his window, crazy in love themselves with  
summer, damn near laughed him out of bed  
for his strange wooing. yet he did

get her off to recreation park one day  
for feelies, vanilla icecream and a sticky kiss.

4.  
midnight in the graveyard

his byronic lust at its gothic heights  
he lured her out to potter's field  
(cheap bitch, a nobody, a toss-away girl)  
and there upon the crumbling marbles  
had his way with the silly thing.

her legs were pale blue, the moon  
high and full. with casual finesse  
he pulled her skirts up over her mug  
(such stupid cupid cheeks; those idiot  
clock-like eyes) and grasping a hank  
of stringy flaxen hair, yanked her back  
and bit her on the neck. still insatiate,

the early hours of the morn found him  
half-mad, ranging wild over boggy moors.